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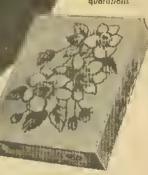
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H-HELLO, CANDY?
I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO
SEE YOU, TONIGHT! OR ANY OTHER
NIGHT, FOR THAT MATTER!
"MOOSE" MANSON'S DECIDED
THAT YOU'RE GOING TO BE
HIS GIRL!













































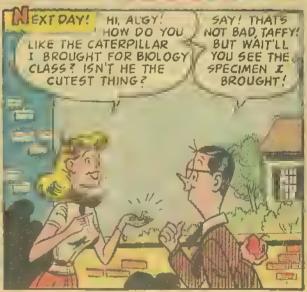




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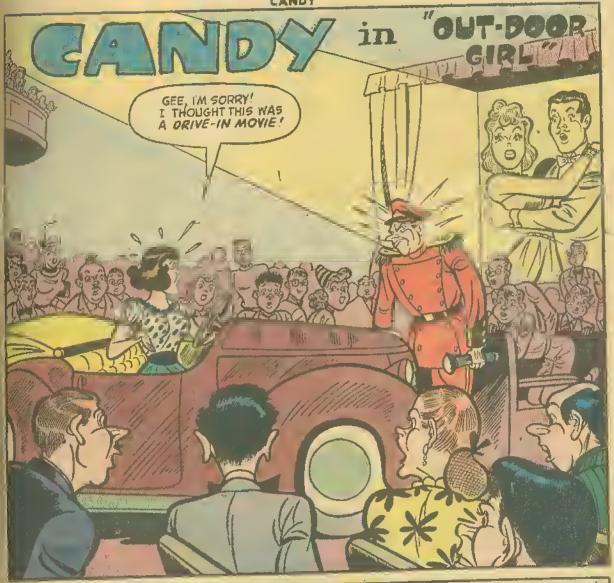


























































## Candy's Surprise

"It isn't that I don't think you're perfectly peachy, Ted," sald Candy O'Connor, as Ted Dawson escorted her down the half of Hartwick High School to her next class. "But," she continued, "A girl likes to date a boy who's statioth and sophisticated, who buoys her up and gives her confidence." Ted assumed a beaten, lovelorn expression as they reached the classroom door, "Don't tell me I don't give you confidence! Egad, girl, you have my undying devotion." Candy flounced into her class leaving Ted bent with laughter. As he continued down the hall, he shook his head, "This chick sure gets some dizzy ideas," he mused, "Well, I'll just sit this one out and wait till another brain wave diverts her."

Meanwhlle, in English class, Candy sat wideeyed as she ogled a new student . . . male . . . tall, tan and terrific variety. The teacher intro-duced him as Edgar Buckley, who was visiting his aunt in town. He had recently come from a swank school in Switzerland, Edgar gazed about the room in an off-handed fashlon and nodded his head, casually acknowledging the teacher's introduction. With that one gesture, he won the heart of every girl in the room and by that time, the boys had made up their minds that Edgar was a foul ball and that something must be done If they were to retain their respective girl friends. Candy turned fluttery glances in Edgar's direction and made a decision. "I'm going to be the girl in Edgar's life while he's in Hartwick," she thought determinedly. "He's what I've been waiting for . . . a boy who knows the world, who's smooth and sophisticated." And she wasted no time in crowding up to Edgar as the students swept out of the room. Caudy ignored the dark looks of the other girls and turning on her most devastating smile, she said, "Welcome to Hartwick, Edgar. It's so exciting having such a well-traveled boy in our midst." Edgar looked interested, "Why, thank you, Miss . . . " he began, smoothly. Candy repiled hastlly, "Candy O'Connor and puleese call me Candy."

Edgar was plainly impressed and Ted Dawson had the news shortly thereafter as he stood by helplessly and watched Edgar Buckley pull up in front of the Dawson falopy in a low-slung, foreign convertible. Candy emerged from school with stars in her eyes as she viewed the car and Edgar. Ted felt sunk, but he made the pitch. Moving towards Candy, he sald, "All set to go, sngarfoot? How about a chocolate float at the Sweete Shoppe?" Edgar brushed past him, and taking Candy by the arm, he sald, "Sorry, old man, but Miss O'Connor is going tea dancing with me this afternoon." Candy had the good grace to blush as she sald, "Thanks anyway, Ted. I'll see you around."

Ted was around when the foreign car drew up before the O'Connor home just before dinner time. As Edgar ushered Candy to the door, Ted stepped up, "Okay, pal," he said brusquely, pulling himself up as tall as possible, "This is as far as you go, I'll take over now." While Candy stood by open-mouthed Edgar laughed, "Don't take it so hard, old man," and turning to Candy, he sald, "I'll see you later this evening, Candace." As Edgar returned to his car, Ted exploded, "Old man! Candace! I'm not that stuffed shirt's old man and where does he get off, calling you by your real name? Nobody else can get away with It." Candy whirled on Ted, furlously, "He can rull me anything he wishes, Ted Dawson, He's just the type boy I described to you earlier. I've fell like a queen all afternoon and that's more than I can say when I have dates with you." "And just how do you feel when you're out with me?" he inquired, white with anger. "Like a . . . well, like a high school kid," she snapped and then turned and slainmed into the house.

Candy dressed carefully in her favorite bine gown because Edgar was taking her to meet his aunt. She greeted him at the door and missed the look of admiration she was accustomed to seeing in Ted's eyes when she wore the bine dress. On the way to the car, Edgar cleared his kirreat, "Candace, generally I admire the attire of the average American girl, but when I essent a young lady, I expect her to dress a bit more . . . shall we say conservatively, especially when I'm taking her to meet my family." Candy's heart sank into her shoes as she stammered a reply, "B-but, this is my favorite dress." "Oh, not really," he said superciliously. Candy spent a miserable evening under the scrutiny of Edgar's aunt.

Ted was meanwhile seeking the advice of several of the boys over cokes at the Sweete Shoppe. They guys were plainly relieved that it was Candy and not their heart throbs who was occupying Edgar's time, but nevertheless they were sympathetic and came up with many a dire suggestion as to how they could put Edgar out of the running. Finally after much discussion, Ted ordered another coke with a flourish and said, "To heek with it. I said earlier I was gonna ride it out and wait till she got launched on 'another dizzy idea and that's what I'm going to do. This guy can't be so terrifle," This brought varied protests from the gang which was working up enthusiasm for a law and feather inh, amous other things.

tar and feather job, among other things.

The next day Ted drove past Candy's house on the way to school, not stopping as he usually did. But he jammed to a standstill when he saw her emerge from the door. "How about a lift, dream queen," he called, hope riding high. And he watched in wonderment as she flew down the steps and over to the jalopy. "I'd love it, Ted," she said brightly. Much heartened, he continued, "You're looking mighty gorgeous, gal, almost as terrific as you do in your blue dress." Candy beamed, and snuggled close to him. "Oh, Ted," she murmured. "You say just the right thing all the time. You make me feel wonderful." "Like a high school kid?" he questioned with a chuckic, Candy laughed with him, "Uh huh," she replied, "Just like what I really am."

























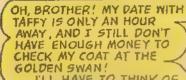
HEY!! THERE'S AN ANGLE
OF THIS NEWSPAPER GAME
I'VE BEEN NEGLECTING!
--- COLLECTING OLD PAPERS
AND SELLING THEM TO
THE JUNK DEALER!











I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!





























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